I Am Terrified

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I Am Terrified

by MistDream23 (DaveJean)

Summary

Just one book, that's all Hannibal needed. But that librarian, that unshaved, weary-eyed librarian, treated him with such rudeness... He couldn't help but imagine him as his next Friday's dinner.

Book

Chapter Notes

The title of this fic is because of the song I Am Terrified by IAMX.

The bell rang as Hannibal entered the narrow, old main hall of the local library. The dark eyes observed the tall, packed shelves that crowed the walls of the shop, not a corner free of rusty, but immortal knowledge. Even if he wanted to stop and admire the quite ingenious exploitation of the room given, he was certainly in a rush, his next class starting in less than twenty minutes.

"Pardon me" his accented voice spoke, to a young man in a dark green apron who was placing a pile of books back to the shelves on Hannibal's right. "I find myself in a hurry, and there's a certain book I've been looking for, one, as far as I know, I can find here." he explained, as the man turned back to look back at him.

The first feature Hannibal noticed about the young stranger was his wide, unshaved jaw, but soon a pair of grey, weary eyes, hidden by simple glasses, caught his attention. The librarian looked down at him, with an exhausted and impolite gesture.

"Whatever your Highness wants" a voice lower than Hannibal had expected answered, in a disrespectful tone."Title and author?"

Hannibal showed one of his best false smiles, feeling insulted but mastering at not letting it be noticed, and decided to finish his issues as soon as possible. "Complete stories and poems of Edgar Allan Poe." Then paused, staring at the youth. "By Edgar Allan Poe."

The librarian snorted, and sighed as he moved through the shop until the other corner of the shop, stretched one of his arms towards a high shelf, and grabbed a thick, red and black book. Back where Hannibal was waiting, the young man handed him the book. Hannibal nodded politely, and turned on his heels heading to the exit. As he moved, a little plaque the librarian was wearing dragged his attention, a name visible on it. *Will*.

His hand already pulling the door, he looked back for the last time, dark eyes meeting grey ones.

"Thank you for the help, Will."

I'll see you on my table next Friday.

Coffee

Chapter Summary

A week off had only one meaning for Hannibal: time for stocking up.
But Friday's plans turned out differently.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Luckily for him, Hannibal had the week off because of the final exams; he had cleared all his students' doubts, explained all the contents in time and prepared the final test. He had the perfect opportunity to stock up on his favorite ingredients, in order to prepare the dinner he usually cooked for the History Department at the end of the course.

And he already knew who would be the last name on his shopping list.

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He walked into the coffee shop, and ordered one black, with two sugars. There was an empty couch in one of the corners, so he sat down there and opened Poe's book. He could hear whenever someone entered the place, and, five minutes after he had start reading, he noticed the sound of light steps in his direction.

"Excuse me" a voice quite familiar said, and Hannibal's eyes look up, to find a pair of gray, weary eyes behind thick, black glasses. "Can I sit here?" Will asked, with a kind but sad smile that lighten up his unshaved face. There was another couch in front of Hannibal's, one he hadn't expected to be occupied.

"Of course." Hannibal answered, and Will nodded nervously. He carried a cup of some infusion, mint tea, Hannibal guessed by the smell of it.

"I want to apologize for the other day." Will began, holding the tea in his hands as for warm them. "It'd been an awful day, and I was very impolite. I know that's no valid excuse but-"

"You aren't good at socializing, even in your brightest day" Hannibal finished the phrase. Now he was relaxed, and he could observe Will better, the young looked like a scared animal, trying to maintain a calm state but shivering now and then. His eyes were surrounded by dark shadows; he probably had nightmares every night, or at least enough to not sleep more than five hour per day.

As Will nodded, looking at his cup, Hannibal wondered how could he had mistaken the young rudeness with such an extreme psychological state. He had never been wrong at choosing his targets, all had always been people who wasted space and other's time. Useless.

But Will wasn't one of them, and his kind apology had saved him.

"Sorry, I'm surely bothering you..."

"No please, stay. I appreciate the company."

Hannibal relaxed in his seat, and took a sip of his coffee. Will seemed a bit uncomfortable, but he placed the tea on the table between them, looking everywhere but straight.

"Not fond of eye contact, are you?" Hannibal observed.

"Eyes are distracting." Will replied, shifting in the couch. "You see too much. You don’t see enough. And it’s hard to focus when you’re thinking if that tic they had it's because the person is lying, or is just an stress symptom, or maybe it even means that person has Parkinson's disease. So I try to avoid eyes whenever possible."

A light smile appeared on Hannibal's face; it had been an eloquent reasoning.

"Psychology student, may I guess."

"Graduated." Will precised, ears scarlet.

"Oh, I thought you were rather younger."

"Uhm, even with the constant tired expression I had?" Will joked as he took his cup; it was clear for Hannibal that the other was finally relaxed.

"I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No lack of eye contact will ever block off the outside, Will."

Fortunately for the coffee shop's clerks Will was already leaving the tea again on the table when he lost his grip and the cup hit the wooden furniture. That was the second time Will looked straight at Hannibal, the first had been the apology.

"I must apologize now, for I have disturbed you when you don't even know my name. My name is Hannibal Lecter, and if I had been capable of doing such observation is because I'm doctorate in Psychiatry, apart from my History studies. I couldn't help but notice your notoriously ability to emphathize, Will."

Will maintained the stare and his mouth closed, slowly. He didn't seem to be angry rather than shocked, Hannibal's words hadn't been bad intentioned, and he knew it.

"Will Graham, graduated in Psychology, part-time librarian and mechanic." He replied in a voice he pretended to sound neutral. "Nice to meet you, Dr Lecter, as long as you won't psychoanalyze me as an habit."

"I'm afraid that I will soon be apologizing again for my analytical observations and you'll tire of that eventually, so I have to consider using apologies sparingly." Hannibal said, a hint of a smile showing.

"Just keep it in a low profile." Will teased.

"Or we could socialize like adults, god forbid we become friendly."

They just grinned to each other, Hannibal surprisingly glad to hadn't hunted down his former Friday's dinner.

Chapter End Notes

I was amazed with the number of hints the first chapter got in two days! :D
Must admit that's the main reason for this soon uploading, so I'm determined to write a good, really good fanfic about these two.

Hope you really enjoyed it, and, thanks to Bryan Fuller for the pick-up lines ;)

Offer

Chapter Summary

Between coffees and psychoanalisys, Hannibal's first wall go down.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After their accidental meeting at the coffee shop, Hannibal and Will happened to meet on Mondays and Thursdays. Hannibal's classes finished those days at midday, so he'd had lunch at his office, went there for a coffee, and read for a couple of hours. Just one hour after his arrival Will would appear, his shift at the library finished, and had a different tea each day - sometimes even a latte with caramel.

At first they used to discuss the differences between Hannibal's psychiatrist education against Will's psychological one, now and then interrupted by the doctor's precise observations, the young librarian usually answering back with sarcastic questions. Soon the range of topics widened; Will's explanations about art pieces and even historic events tended to amuse Hannibal, and more than once they discussed who would win whom in debates as Hume versus Descartes, Monet versus Dali...

They weren't always talking; eventually Will would lost himself in an ocean of thoughts, and Hannibal would just looked at him, both sharing a comfortable silence. Silences sometimes filled with stolen sights, awkward gazes and red shades under Will's glasses.

Six weeks passed faster as lightning, and Hannibal got released from his academic duties as professor of Modern European History at Baltimore's University. He started visiting Will's library, so he could read and talk with the grey-eyed librarian when the place were almost empty. The new routine only lasted two weeks, when Hannibal decided to let Will scale one of his walls.

"Dinner? At your place?" Will repeated, with a hidden smile.

"If it's convenient for you, of course. As far as I know, next Friday you have the day off, and I would like to have you for dinner on Thursday. Only if you want, Will." Hannibal feared for an instant the younger's negative, Will was sometimes too unconfident, too scared of the rest of the world.

"Ye-yeah, I mean, why not?" he answered, as he pushed a trolley full of returned books. "I really want to try your plates, I must confess that when you talked about the dinner you prepared for your department, my mouth watered."

"Then you will be pleased with the meal I'll prepare. I have my address written down here. I shall expect you at 7?"

Will took the business card Hannibal gave him, and nodded, half-smiling. As the younger filled the empty spaces of the shelves around the professor, he accidentally thought aloud.

"I presumed you only invited coworkers or former colleagues for lunch or dinner..."

"And, Will?" Hannibal tried to push the young, turning around to find Will's tensed back.

"I'm none of them."

"No, you aren't."

"Nevertheless, I've always been told friends like to enjoy each other's company either for dinner or lunch."

Hannibal could hear Will's smile as the young's body relaxed, and the librarian glanced him over his shoulders. Few books remained at the trolley, as doubts in Will's mind. The older stood up as he closed his last reading and, invading part of Will's personal space, left the book in the trolley.

"Until next Thursday, Will. Seems like I have to go grocery shopping."

Chapter End Notes

The rate of Kudos and hints are being incredibly inspiring! :D
I know this chapter's been as short as the first but... the dinner is rather long, it deserves its own chapter :)

((Sorry for the bad cannibalism jokes. Ok, not even sorry))

Dinner

Chapter Summary

"Good evening, Will. Please, come inside, the dinner is ready to be served."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At ten minutes to seven, Hannibal lowered *Piagantero la sorte mia'*s volume. He checked one last time the cutlery, and put the Bordeaux on a ice bucket placed near his seat on the table. The oven confirmed Hannibal that the main course was ready, and, simultaneously, the sound of tired, nor heavy footsteps reached the house's door. No bell rang, the visit's nerves were clearly floating in the spicy-scent air. Tightening his tie as he walked, the professor approached the door and opened it. Mozart's *Lacrimosa* started, and all Hannibal could see was a messy, curly chesnut hair, and a pair of bright, elusive grey eyes, but no dark glasses upon them. Those deep, ashe-colored windows mirrored his own dark eyes; as brief as a greeting.

"Good evening, Will. Please, come inside, the dinner is ready to be served."

Will was hesitant at first, but walked through the hall as Hannibal led him to his office. The young librarian couldn't help to open his mouth as the private library became visible: covering two of the walls and placed in a second-floor level, he counted at least five hundred books, each one of a different color and size. When his gaze noticed a pair of armchairs, one chaise longue and one couch, one glass of wine appeared in his visual field.

"A glass of wine to properly welcome the soirée." The doctor said as he raised his own drink, and his nostrils floating in waves of fruity, tough, oak-like scents. "With no doubt you know which room is the one where we are."

Will took a sip of wine, his eyes checking every corner, every statue, every paint on the walls. "Your office," he looked at Hannibal's gold tie, "I like it. It's warmly, and elegant. Like you."

If Will wanted to hide his blushing behind the glass of wine, he wasn't making enough effort, Hannibal thought. He put his right hand on Will's left shoulder, and tilted his head pointing the door that led to the kitchen. Will nodded, and followed his host's steps.

"The kitchen. We'll be having dinner in the dining room, and if you need it, there's one bathroom in this floor: in my office you'll find it through a white, wooden door. There's also two bathrooms in the second floor, you can go there by using the stairs you are able to watch from here, over this threshold. You'd have to enter either my room or the guests' room to find each one's bathroom. I believe the remaining places would be the little garden you'll notice

outside the dining room, and the basement, packed with old books and furniture." Hannibal smiled, and invited Will with a maitre-manner to enter the dining room.

With swiftness Hannibal offered him a seat, and he left a nervous Will, looking down the forks and napkins, as he went to serve the dinner.

"As entrée, Chop with Portabello Mushrooms, then, for main course, I've prepared Smothered Short Ribs, and... well, the dessert won't be revealed for now." The doctor smirked, and he placed the food on the settled table.

"Wow," Will responded, amazed by Hannibal's display, "Looks incredible." When the doctor had seated, and nodded in approval, Will tried his entrée. "Hmm, tastes incredible, Hannibal. Which type of meat is it?"

"Veal's chops and Beef ribs." Hannibal replied, eating part of one chop with some mushrooms, hiding a smile.

"Wish I could cook something half this tasty, really. Sometimes I even think my dog's food must taste better than my own plates." Will commented with a boyish grin.

Hannibal chuckled, and savored another chop of that arrogant, dull and impolite lawyer he'd hunted down only two days ago. Definitely, Portobello's Mushrooms had been the best decision.

"So..." said Will as he was finishing his dessert, Cocoa Panacotta with Blackberries and Cherries, "Have you invited me over just to hear my praises and convince me that my Asperger manners aren't as accurate as I believe?"

Hannibal smiled a bit, sliding one piece of his own pannacotta into his mouth, tasting it before replying the young that not so consciously was staring at his lips. Their debate about social exclusion had faded as soon as Will had proved the dessert, bursting into chocolate smiles and approval nods with every spoonful.

"Well, I've certainly invited you to observe how would you interact with me in a different emplacement, as well as in a more intimate environment." Hannibal waited for Will's eyes to focus on his dark ones. "Did you think it was a date, Will?"

The young choked, and drank the wine left in his own glass to put himself together after a few coughs."Honestly, it never crossed my mind."

The doctor looked at Will startled; it wasn't the answer he expected, and he considered himself cunning enough in these occasions.

"Why not?"

"You just don't seem like you date." Will explained, looking away, his eyes upon the garden.

The teaspoon Hannibal left on one side of the plate made a sound higher than usual, causing Will's gaze to come back at the pensive eyes that were controlling each one of his movements.

"I don't seem like I date anyone or just that I don't date people like you, Will?" Hannibal dropped in a casual tone, taking a sip of his Earl Grey without breaking eye contact.

Will swallowed, notoriously.

"Both."

"Would you have come if I had said my offer was actually a date?"

Gasp

"Yes."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay, I promise I'll keep writing it but I'm really busy nowadays...
Hope you enjoyed the first part of the evening... 'cause the dinner hasn't finished yet ;)

Reason

Chapter Summary

> Sometimes we cannot find the cause of the feeling that invades us; the gesture or the movement that makes us trust in someone else. Hannibal didn't know the reason why Will wanted to be there, but he certainly knew what to do about it.

Chapter Notes

> I'm really, really sorry for the delay...
> Short, but intense, I hope you'll enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal had known what Will would answer, but what was clearly unexpected was the jolt of joy that crossed his body, making him, for just a second, tremble. And *that sensation* was indeed new. One word was enough to get him out from his thoughts.

"Hannibal"

The summoned focused again his gaze upon the young's blushed face and avoiding eyes, and Hannibal could have swear that God was mocking on him then, for the music at the background had changed to Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet overture.*

"Yes, Will?"

"I'm... not good at these things. I-I mean... socialize. Relationships." Will rubbed his hands as he looked them, a slight shudder clearly visible. Hannibal leaned forward, his arms resting on the table, controlling the physical space between them.

"You consider yourself unstable for such conventions, don't you?"

Will smirked boldly, letting a low laugh escaped from his suddenly sardonic expression.

"Well, I *am* unstable."

"I beg to differ." Hannibal didn't move an inch, maintaining his gaze upon Will while the young tried as hard as he could to look everywhere except at the man in front of him. Unlike the professor, Will shifted in his seat, and sighed before replying with incredulity.

"Differ? There's no point at differ here, Hannibal. Even now, FBI behind and serial killers apart, I'm still unstable. I feel unstable. All the things I've seen, the crime scenes, the murders, the... thoughts. They're still here, in my head. No books, no boat's engines and no lattes or mint tea's erase them."

Will gave up for a brief instant, finding those deep, brown eyes that so intensely were observing his. Silence grew thicker; Hannibal didn't want to interrupt Will's trail of thoughts at that point, for they were facts the young hadn't revealed to him yet, information wanted to be finally shared. Nevertheless, he wouldn't let Will say too much, or he could regret it later.

"I've... never told you that... well, I worked for the FBI. Five years. But... I resigned two years ago, I couldn't... manage all the nightmares and the...-"

"Will, you don't have to explain anything to me, really."

Such impolite behavior was less than usual in Hannibal, but the strange, new sensation he had whenever the younger smiled was either. Will's face reflected a Molotov's cocktail of emotions: astonishment because of the professor's manners, relief as he considered he was going to talk more than he wanted to in a way that wasn't the most appropriate, weariness for all the things he was remembering, all the words, the pain behind them...

Will sighed, closing his eyes so he could focus on the present, putting aside old memories and fears. As dozens of times before, when he shut down his own mind so he could enter others', he felt how, this time, the one with whom he had to empathize was himself.

"I don't have to," the young librarian said as his eyelids opened, "but it's like... I want you to know me. To understand me. Like I can tell you things I've never said to anyone else."

Will's heart skipped a beat when Hannibal rose from his chair; bordered the mahogany, black table, and stopped at the young's back, resting both hands on Will's shoulders. Hypnotized, unable to look elsewhere but at those sharp, dominant maroon-hinted eyes, Will turned back in his seat and felt Hannibal's tight grip. Before the young could take another breath, Hannibal placed his lips upon the nervous, soft and tempting ones of Will. The librarian's body tensed momentarily, but soon the kiss was answered and, when Hannibal's mouth went up, breaking the contact, the professor felt a hand at the back of his neck, pushing down.

"Don't dare to stop."

Hannibal smiled, probably the first blissful, spontaneous smile his face had ever drawn.

"I won't." He promised as their breaths met once more.

Chapter End Notes

First of all: THANKS FOR THE KUDOS AND HINTS <3 I'm amazed, I love to see you're enjoying this kinda AU, as you can deduce for this chapter, Will's past isn't too different from the canon's one. But there'll be pretty different things ;)
Special thanks to MarinaScarlet (luv ya :D)

(Just for the record, I have no beta so... any grammar-y review/comment is welcomed ^^)

Safe

Chapter Summary

Not what professor Lecter expected, but what Will Graham needed.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is indeed shorter (sorry) but in exchange I'll confess that in the next one you'll discover Will's past :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It seemed like Will had been looking forward for that moment, for they had ended up upstairs in less than five minutes - the distance between their mouths never wider than three inches -. Even Hannibal himself was wondering as he was guiding the half-naked librarian to his bedroom where his silk tie, vest, and gray shirt were. Probably wherever Will's plain shirt and belt had been thrown away.

The kisses had grown passionate, demanding, and soon Will had stood up following Hannibal through the dining room, the kitchen, and finally the stairs, where the young could have fallen down if hadn't been for Hannibal's strong embrace.

When they reached the bed, Will froze, as if he had finally realized what they were doing, where all those kisses, bites in the neck and tight grips lead to. Hannibal stopped as well, and the hand that just a moment ago was teasing the young's waistband cupped then Will's face. The professor could see the doubt in the green, blue-hinted eyes, and he pulled Will into a calm, comforting hug, flesh with flesh.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to, Will." His firm hand got swallowed by the soft, brown curls as Will's heart slowed his rhythm. The young didn't replied until his breath let him.

"I want to." Will said forcing himself not to whisper, burying his face in Hannibal's neck.

"But you just can't, can you?" Even before Will nodded in response Hannibal was aware of his answer. He held the young librarian as they sat on the bed, and the hug finished. Without a word, Hannibal stood up and left the room, finding both shirts on the banister, nearly at the same height. Will hadn't moved an inch when Hannibal came back to his bedroom with his gray shirt already on, unbuttoned. Carefully, he took one of Will's arms and helped him with the plain, brown-white-golden shirt that only three minutes ago Hannibal himself had took

off, kissing and biting the shoulders that had been after exposed. Will looked absent, his eyes focused on Hannibal's hands as the man kneeled for buttoning the shirt.

"Will," Hannibal called, and shaking his head a little, Will's gaze returned to Hannibal's. They found each other hands, and, even with his hear messed, and his open shirt, Hannibal seemed elegant and calm, while Will's eyes reflected an inner struggle that was only his. "We can go as slow as you want to, I'm not going to push you into anything. But, if truth must be told, I'd really appreciate your company for tomorrow's breakfast, either you want to sleep here with me or in the guest room. "

Blue-greened eyes fled to the floor as an scarlet tint covered Will's cheeks. Hannibal doubted then his own self control, imploring internally mercy when the young bit his lower lip as he considered his reply.

"Well I... Can't find a reason why I shouldn't." Will paused, looking briefly at Hannibal before continuing. "And... your bed seems quite comfortable."

Hannibal's face enlightened, and as he unfolded the bed, Will slipping under the silk sheets. The night was cold, even with the heater on, so Will didn't seem troubled for going to bed with his shirt and jeans. The professor put off his shirt, and kept it in his wardrobe; he could sensed the young's gaze following his movements. When he slid next to Will's, Hannibal pulled him closer with his left arm, letting the young rest on his chest. A soft sigh filled the room, and soon he felt how Will brushed softly his dark, short, chest hair. His hand travelled to Will's head and buried in an ocean of curls.

Hannibal thought as he drifted away that, maybe for the first time, Will felt safe with somebody else.

The shadows swallowed the room as they fell asleep, and a shiver ran down Will's spine.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for your support, your kudos and your comments! :D I'm really enjoying writing this Hannigram, even with all my season finale's feelings (WHY, HANNIBAL, WHY?) But I will go down with this ship! >:O

Come

Chapter Summary

Don't make me choose, Will.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay! (You know, holidays happens)

The end of the fic is not far, you can almost tasted it - bad joke. Well, the begining of the end, if I have to be more explicit.

Enjoy this one :)

UPDATED:
I've changed some parts of this chapter so the next ones will be more coherent. Sorry!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal watched Will as the young ate his pancakes with cream and vanilla syrup. As the librarian enjoyed the sugar-high breakfast, the older tasted his Argentine coffee, his bacon and eggs still hot from the pan. The second pancake had just disappear when a neutral, dull, default ringing tone filled the kitchen. Will looked at his mobile phone, reading the information the screen offered. The young swallowed in a rush, and gazed Hannibal with a doubtful face.

"Answer, Will" Hannibal advised, partially curious about whoever had produced such a disturbance in Will's mind, "Not answering would be rude".

Will nodded, and touched the screen.

"Will Graham." The librarian said in a neutral tone. "Yes. Hm. You didn't have to. I know." The conversation seemed to grow darker as Will spoke. "I know. No. I don't want to. I'm not coming back-" Will went pale. "Repeat that." The young looked at Hannibal, staring, and

swallowed for the second time that morning. "All right, I'll this evening. Hm. Seven. And I'm not doing it for you or for Jack, you hear me? The very last time. Bye."

Hannibal realized he had leaned forward on the table, listening at every word Will had said. The librarian kept his phone in his jeans, and sighed gravely. The professor blinked when the blue-greened eye s met his own, and went backwards in his seat.

"I must apologize, Will, I couldn't help but listened the phone call. It's been very impolite."

"No, don't... " Will began, but only a sighed followed his thoughts. "It was Alan Bloom. He works for my former boss, Jack Crawford, in the FBI." The young looked at his pancakes with a pitiful expression. "One of my cases had been re-opened. One very famous, it covered most of tabloid's front pages for half a year."

Hannibal finished his coffee, and tried to decipher Will's expression. His hands were shaken, and a tic appeared on the younger's lower lip, but his eyes, his usual weary eyes where burning in grey shades.

"The Chesapeake Ripper." Will spoke with a low, confident voice. "Five years ago we found enough proves that pointed Doctor Gideon as the murderer of, at least, seven bodies with removed organs. The Ripper ate his victims, and Gideon was incarcerated at Baltimore's State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Alan has just told me that one body had appeared in Maryland. Ripper's work, they assured me."

The professor looked at Will in silence, while Will closed his eyes trying to focus. The pancakes lay forgotten, but soon Hannibal took his fork and knife and ate his own: a body had appeared, but nothing had been planned. He couldn't have made a mistake, he couldn't have slipped... That wasn't one of his meals, of that he was sure. But his façade with Will couldn't bear no flaws. He would control the situation.

"To be honest, I followed the case with interest, as many people back then, and I'm sure I never read your name in any information the media offered." The professor commented with a casual tone, "Although, Jack Crowford certainly rings a bell in my memory."

"I... didn't like the fame the case got, so I asked Jack to not talk about me directly." The young replied, agitated.

"Wise decision." Hannibal admitted, bitterly. "You were right about Dr Gideon's innocence, after all." He added in a light tone, as soon as Will's trembling fade.

The puzzle look Will gave him was soon dismissed by a sad, familiar smile, and the young's shoulders relaxed. It seemed to Hannibal that his ability for reading Will's thoughts was no longer uncomfortable for the librarian, but a soft, sardonic laugh woke him.

"Jack now blames himself... He wants me back because *I'm the best profiler the FBI had ever known about*." Will's voice was filled with a mix of anger and anxiety.

"Will, we both know that Jack Crawford is right about that. But I don't enjoy the situation, you left for a good reason, and that is your own sanity."

"But... people had died because we caught the wrong man." The young almost whispered, ashamed.

"People die, Will. Life ends, and you know it better than many. It's your life the one that's not worth risk for. Not for me." *It can't be mine, but if that's the case... Don't make me choose between our lives, Will.* "It's not a good idea to come back on the field on your own."

Will looked at Hannibal, and the bright shadow of a new idea shone in his face.

"Then come and help me."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for the kudos and the support!!! :D

Strangers

Chapter Summary

No, no one able to make Will feel uncomfortable was worthwhile.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay but... Summer. This one, in return, is longer than the others.
Hope you enjoy it, we're near the end ;)

And special thanks to my beta archionblue :D

- Edited 29/9/13

His black car parked outside Will's house, Hannibal was waiting in the porch as the young librarian changed his clothes. The professor's mind wondered about the body the FBI had found, as he remember the utterly rude ITC he had buried just one week ago in Fishing Bay. *Not as well buried and hidden as I believed him to be.*

"Hm, let's go." Will muttered when he stepped out his house, his dogs barking inside as saying goodbye to the younger. Will wore a vest over a blue shirt, brown trousers and black comfortable shoes, his glasses framing his eyes, acting like a shield for the young librarian. A barrier for his former boss, Hannibal was sure; Will had abandoned his glasses in front of him half a month ago.

The trip to Quantico was shorter than expected, even with Will looking out through the window with an exasperated face. After passing the control - thanks to Will's accreditations - they easily parked, and Hannibal noticed a man walking towards the car: tall, slim but in good shape, dark hair, pale. His clothes spoke about a good academic career, expensive university but well earned marks. Psychologist, well dressed - not as well as himself, though - and with presence.

"Willy!" the man exclaimed with a warmth smile, and put one hand on Will's shoulders, "I'm glad you've come, we're really lost here without you." He didn't took off his hand, and Will shifted. He glanced at Hannibal, observing him, and stretched out his free hand. "Alan Bloom, nice to meet you..."

"Hannibal Lecter, Doctor Bloom. Nice to meet you too." Hannibal shook Alan's hand, with a polite, fake smile.

"Doctor Hannibal Lecter? The same Doctor Lecter who wrote 'Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion'?"

Hannibal looked at Dr Bloom in surprise - maybe the man was worth his time after all. The professor nodded in response, and gazed at Will briefly, who seemed overwhelmed by Alan's proximity. No, capable of making Will feel uncomfortable was worthwhile.

"I really appreciate your knowledge about my work, Dr Bloom, but I'm here as Will's friend and we would like to finish as soon as possible the task you've asked him for." Hannibal passed one of his arms around Will's shoulders, Alan's hand falling from the librarian, and, for Hannibal's amusement, Will stepped nearer the professor. Will's eyes were fixed on the floor, while cold grayish eyes battled maroon hinted ones.

"Alan, weren't you supposed to bring Will inside?" A voice came from the main door of the facilities, and when Hannibal looked for the source, Jack Crawford smiled. "I believe we don't know each other," he said walking closer, and offering Hannibal his hand, "Jack Crawford, Will's former boss, head of Behavioral Science at the FBI."

"Hannibal Lecter, Will's friend and Modern European History professor at Baltimore University." Hannibal presented himself, with a similar smile as the one he gave Alan. Jack blinked twice, as if he had recognized the name.

"Same Doctor Lecter that-?"

"Wrote 'Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion'." Dr Bloom said, his tone despised. Jack looked down at him, and sighed when he noticed Hannibal's arm on Will.

"I'm sure that your presence here will be more than enlightening, Dr Lecter, I won't deny that I could use the insight of a highly regarded psychiatrist, even with Will Graham working on the case." Jack spoke honestly, and walked towards Will. "I really appreciate you've come Will. I owe you an apology but..."

"We have work to do." Will stated, with a half - *sad* - smile. His voice sounded rough, so he coughed and looked at Hannibal. Immediately the professor removed his arm from Will's shoulders, but he maintained the distance between them. The young seemed to feel more confident, and they followed Jack through the building.

Will followed Jack inside the morgue, leaving Dr Bloom and Hannibal in Jack's office, alone and exposed by crystal doors.

"Seems like Will has a weakness for men who can understand his state of mind, hasn't he?" Alan said in an intended casual tone. "Says much about his psyche."

"The same could be said about the two of us: attracted to a man as complex and unique as Will." Hannibal didn't like the psychologist presence; as he observed Will's former lover some of the young's manners were clearly explained. Alan must have been the dominant one in their relationship, but not in the same way Hannibal considered himself as the dominant between Will and him: Alan had toyed with the younger, teased him, he hadn't been the emotional anchor Will had needed. That probably had aggravated Will's mental state.

"Certainly unique, but, rather than complex I would say *unstable.*" Alan's wicked smile remarked.

Hannibal felt his blood boiling; how can that man consider himself a psychologist? The last thing Will would need was someone who reminded him everyday how broken, how unstable he could be.

"In fact Will, we searched for-" Jack Crawford's deep voice filled the office, "Everything alright, Doctors?" the FBI agent asked, uncomfortable with the scene Will and him found: Alan and Hannibal staring at each other, arms crossed, tensed bodies, heads higher. Two

predators fighting for a prey, Hannibal thought, a prey that had a surprised, confused look behind thick glasses.

Will seemed to became smaller as he noticed what was going on between the two doctors. "Alan," the raven-haired man looked at him, "Can I have a word with you? In private." Will managed to speak.

Alan looked at Hannibal pleased, but he knew better. It wasn't going to be a nice conversation for Dr Bloom, the professor thought with an inner smile. Jack and Hannibal walked out, and established in the corridor as Will closed the door with a heated expression visible on his face.

"Must I deduce Will and you share a kind of a relationship, Dr Lecter?" Jack inquired, quite curious.

"Indeed, Mr Crawford. Kind of." Hannibal smiled through his mask.

"Call me Jack, even Agent Crawford. Never liked Mr Crawford, Doctor."

The agent study Hannibal for a while, as the professor waited, his hands held behind him, his expression serene.

"As I said before, I could use your ability for the case, if you wanted to help us." Jack finally said.

"Of course, Agent Crawford." *As I cannot convince Will to leave the investigation, I'd better mislead it.* "I am afraid the only facts I have come across are the unsavory articles Tattle Crime aired years ago, and the knowledge of a new body founded somewhere in Maryland."

Jack sighed heavily, the Ripper was clearly a personal case for him. Nonetheless, if he had caught him instead or Dr Gideon, that impolite ITC would be alive and the professor wouldn't have had such a nice bacon for breakfast that morning.

"Male, 27, ITC found at Fishing Bay, Maryland, missing his right side. The body wasn't displayed, actually, it was discovered after a storm. The ground was watered, and the wind had remove most of the leaves in the area; a fisherman discovered it when he walked near with his dog. Even with the weather at our side, it was clear that, this time, the Ripper hadn't covered the body as well as he probably had hidden others. He's made a mistake. The question is... why?" Jack asked, staring at Hannibal, and the professor suddenly felt his throat tightened.

Will opened the door, his face heated after the argument he'd had with Dr Bloom.

"He rushed. He had something to do somewhere, and he hadn't had time to hide the body as well as he had wanted to. But he still believes it is well hidden; if the press release this information the Ripper would be surprised, he doesn't expect this. He never fails. Until now. There was something on his mind while he buried the victim."

Or someone, Hannibal read between Will's words.

Distance

Chapter Summary

"Good evening Will. How have you been?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will left Hannibal's car as soon as he set a foot in his isolated house, leaving an indecisive professor at the younger's door. The ex-agent had been rummaging trails of thoughts all the way back, gaining more than a double-meant worried look from Hannibal. Double because of the psychiatrist's concern about Will's mental state, and the possibility that he could realize the Ripper was giving him a lift while he muttered.

"Will, I know you need time for yourself but, please, if you need anything, at any hour, I will help you." Hannibal said from the threshold of the house. Will was feeding his dogs, all his strays barking happily around him, their tails up. As the professor enjoyed the nice picture, he noticed a boat's engine next to a solitary bed, piles of books and almost full shelves, and a table with Will's fishing equipment, with a colorful bait nearly finished.

"Yes... thanks." Avoiding eye-contact. Will had retreated in his behavior, why exactly?

"Will...," Hannibal walked toward the nervous man, decisively. "Will, we should talk. About Alan and last night, about us." Maybe he needed a little push.

"I can't. Not now." Will stated, his voice rough. Staring at the floor, he ran a hand through his curly hair, and Hannibal could notice how his hand trembled. "Leave me alone, please. Just for now."

Oddly enough had been his conflicted thoughts about Will and the 'Ripper', but the sting he felt crossing his heart after the young's request, that was far beyond oddities. How was that man, that half-librarian half-mechanic, ex-FBI-agent currently hunting him, able to inflict

such pain in his heart and soul? Heart he hadn't felt before, soul that hadn't ever minded before.

"As you wish, Will."

***

One week.

Since they have met at the café it hadn't had passed more than five days without knowing about Will.

And, one week after going to Quantico, Hannibal found himself leaning at his office's threshold, waiting, as if Will were going to appear suddenly with his sardonic little laugh and his Asperger's manners.

Defeated, the professor closed the door, and went back to that disrespectful tailor's lungs he had left in marinade.

He hadn't called, even. Was Will alright? How could he not know he was lying on the floor, victim of a panic attack, a stroke or...?

"Hm?"

"Good evening Will. How have you been?"

" 'Been better"

Silence. But not one like the old ones, those they both used to enjoy; staring at the other, listening to their breathing...

"You have not contacted me for a week. "

"Hm."

"Will, we have to talk."

"I don't want to."

The answer had come quickly. *Breathe, it's just Will being stubborn and closing himself up. Breathe.* Hannibal relaxed as much as he could, his chest going up and down, slowly.

"If that is the situation, I will bother you no more."

"Alright." the young said with a weaker voice.

"Good evening Will."

***

Two days after that conversation, Hannibal came back home with his mind focused on the start of the University's year, all the issues that had been discussed in the Department meeting... It was quite a shame not being able to taste half the students he had; some were especially annoying, but they would be far too missed, and the FBI - or, concretely, one ex-FBI agent - was onto him, and not in the way he had pictured before.

When he reached the front door, a figure raised from the stairs.

"G-good evening."

Hannibal blinked. Twice.

None of them moved.

"How long have you been here waiting, Will?"

The librarian checked his watch and blushed.

"Three... hours." His mouth let a nervous laugh escape. "But don't worry, I've been distracted meanwhile." He lifted his right hand and Hannibal saw 'The catcher in the Rye'.

The professor nodded in approval, and went to unlock the door.

"After you." He couldn't help to lick his lips when Will passed near him, going through the lion's mouth.

Once they entered the office, Hannibal sat down in his former psychiatrist couch, and Will sat in the one across him; fidgeting.

"I owe you an apology," The ex-agent talked after a while. "I said I didn't want to... talk, and I avoided you, I... " heavy sigh, "Hannibal, I'm unstable. My mind is filled with crime scenes, odd thoughts, awful nightmares... And I don't want you to put up with me like this."

For the first time since they had met, Will had maintained eye-contact during all his speech. What an odd and unknown feeling it caused inside the professor's stomach.

"Will, you are not unstable, and even if you were my opinion wouldn't change. Do not try to drive me away, it will not work. I want you. *All* of you."

Will looked away, his face covered by a deep scarlet mask. Hannibal left his seat and offered a hand to the younger man.

"Are you hungry?"

Chapter End Notes

I'm so, SO sorry for the excessive delay. Uni. Y'know.
Didn't had time for my sweet beta to read it out... Update: But thanks to a good friend of mine (Aysh<3) I have corrected it :)

This time I have to thank the anon comment I received just this morning; it gave me enough strengh to write today and finish this chapter. Thanks :D

Closeness

Chapter Summary

They had waited enough.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal could feel the young man fidgeting behind him as they entered the kitchen. He went to pour two glasses of Beaujolais, to help Will calm himself down. When the young librarian took the wine glass, his gaze got lost in an ocean of thoughts dyed with a deep, rich red liquid. Will swallowed half the contents of his glass, and looked directly at the brown eyes that were observing him.

"I've missed you."

Hannibal found himself smiling genuinely - the effect the younger man had on him was still odd.

"I have missed you too, Will."

But the professor hardly succeeded in taking a sip of wine then, for Will had crossed the distance between the two of them, placing his hungry lips on Hannibal's. The taller man blinked, amazed, grabbed both glasses of wine and left them on the nearest cupboard. He pulled Will closer to him, his arms around the younger man's, their bodies' warmth against each other. The kiss soon grew passionate, Will teasing Hannibal's tongue, Hannibal softly but lustfully biting Will's lips.

Will stepped back, bumping into the table the professor had in the middle in the kitchen, where Hannibal usually prepared his meals. The man broke the kiss, allowing both of them to breathe again, and looked at Will with half a careful, half a predatory gaze.

"Will, I must advice you that if we continue, I'm afraid I will not be capable of stopping myself until I make you completely mine."

Will grabbed Hannibal from the lapels of his shirt, and pulled him closer.

"Continue then."

With a swift movement Hannibal lifted Will, sitting him on the table, opened his legs and placed himself between them. He caressed Will's cheek, looking at him as if it was the most precious thing on the surface of the Earth, of the entire Universe. The only man who had managed to break down all his walls... the only man he was afraid would find his true nature.

They didn't need more words, for there was only tongue against tongue, hands against backs, against clothes that were soon discarded and abandoned on the polished table and floor. Will lay almost naked, only wearing his boxers, wide and grey, too loose to be able to hide the need the man already felt, harder than he had ever found himself, while Hannibal, naked above the waist and with his trousers open, licked and kissed each inch of exposed chest of the young man, teasing with his hands Will's hard nipples. Slowly, the professor reached Will's waistband with his mouth, pulled it down with his teeth, and freed Will, rewarding him with a long, warm lick. The young librarian was holding himself steady with one hand buried in the grayish hair of the man who was already swallowing him entirely, while grabbing the edge of the table with his other hand. Hannibal's self-control was near his own limit; he could sense his own manhood pumping with blood, needy. When he heard Will moan louder than before, his breath getting more inconsistent, Hannibal stopped, licking all the pre-cum the young man had poured inside and out his mouth. He caught Will by the arms and put the librarian on the table, climbing onto him – and praised himself for having bought such a long table, which he knew would be of use sooner or later when the perfect time came. He took out a bottle of olive oil from one of the table’s drawers, since he had left the lube upstairs and neither of them had the will nor time to stop and go get it. With a bit of help of Will's hands, Hannibal took off his trousers and, for the young man’s own amusement, he took off his tight, black silk boxers, which revealed his long and thick cock hard as a rock, leaking and throbbing with anticipation.

"Please..." Will begged, blushing because of the embarrassment that his own desire caused.

Hannibal leaned forward and kissed him deeply, but also softly and slowly. At the same time, he introduced one of his oil-drenched fingers, and the young man barely let a sigh escape, soon imploring more of it, more of him. The professor carefully distracted Will with kisses and bites while he worked his way into the librarian. Maybe it was because of all the time they had waited, or the olive oil between them, but Will adjusted himself quite easily to Hannibal's three fingers, and when the young looked at those brown eyes with consent and half a plea, Hannibal placed himself near Will's entrance. The young man breathed deeply, and Hannibal started the movement, a welcoming warmth around him; it was like being part of a masterpiece, of a great scheme... being part of Will's design.

Hannibal felt so ecstatic he had to support himself with one arm on the table, at Will's side, and the young man took advantage of the position and hugged Hannibal, lifting his hips so he could feel all of the professor inside him. Hannibal moved, back and forth, again and again, each thrust deeper, warmer, greater. Their voices mixed, their names screamed in sinful tones, dyed with moans of any pitch and color, language and tone. In a moment of consciousness, Hannibal wrapped his hand around Will's manhood and synchronized the rhythm of their waists with the movements of his hands.

Will was the first in coming, and his body suddenly tensed, his flesh tighter around Hannibal, and both the librarian and the professor screamed each other's names loudly, Hannibal

following Will's orgasm seconds later.

And so they laid on Hannibal's table, their heads still spinning and adrenaline rushing through their veins.

"I'm yours." A soft, exhausted voice came out of Will's lips.

"You're mine." Hannibal's hoarse voice replied, and with a smile, he kissed the young man.

But a storm had begun outside, and the knives in the kitchen reflected the light of the rain that fell over the house.

Chapter End Notes

First of all: I'm sorry. I'm sorry but I just couldn't write without inspiration, and it finally came yesterday. If you liked it, good, if you didn't well... I like it, and it's mine after all.
For all those supportive readers who had wrote me comments, THANK YOU. This is for you, thank you.
There's only one chapter left... and I won't make any promises. But with the new (and AMAZING) second season, my Hannigram feels are aroused again, so I may finish this if not before the season, a bit later.

Thank you really. And thanks to my beta, Aysh. <3

Sleep

Chapter Summary

He was sleeping. Hannibal had seen that expression a lot of times, it meant he didn’t have any nightmares.

TRIGGER WARNING: Contains explicit scenes (Blood among others).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Flood

I am terrified.

I think too much.

I am terrified.

I think too much.

I am...

I...

Am...

Terrified.

Hannibal knew. He knew Will would discover him, sooner or later. The FBI might never find one of his victims again, but inside Will's mind he was a constant. As Hannibal Lecter, former psychiatrist, a History professor at the time. And as the Chesapeake Ripper, an intelligent psychopath, a cannibal.

Since the day he found Will waiting for him at his door, with “The Catcher in the Rye” in his hands, the young man had passed four nights a week at Hannibal's house. And the other three nights, Hannibal was the one who slept surrounded by dogs and boat engines.

They would spend their days working: at the University, the library, at home... and every evening, at 7, one of them would arrive at the other's home. They filled their nights with dinners, talks, shared drinks and shared thoughts, shared desires and needs... The night was theirs.

Hannibal closed the main freezer he kept in the basement, and as he went upstairs, the doorbell rang. It couldn't be Will, it was his turn to go to the younger man’s place that night, and it was only 5pm..

When he opened, Jack Crawford's absent expression looked back at him.

"Doctor Lecter."

"Agent Crawford, good evening. What a surprising visit, please come inside. I'm afraid Will isn't here at the moment."

"I know." said the man, uneasy.

He stood there, rooted to the floor, and the professor waited at the threshold for an explanation.

"Doctor Lecter, I'm afraid you'll have to come with me."

***

The wooden flooring was still soaked when he entered the house. Hannibal knew where the water came from, but he still asked himself why. He followed Jack to the bathroom, the air thickening with each step, and his heart, for the first time ever, praying.

He was sleeping. Hannibal had seen that expression a lot of times, it meant he didn’t have any nightmares. But no, it wasn't the same. That face belonged to sweet mornings and endless nights, not surrounded by soft, reddish, blooded water.

He didn't remember falling, but when he realized he was on his knees, he buried one of his hands in that messed, curly hair, while feeling the cold water against his legs.

"Will..." He whispered, two lonely tears running down his face. He didn't remember the last time he had cried... but that didn't matter, not then. He didn't care about Jack, about the FBI, he didn't care about the rest of the world. The only person who had climbed over his walls, who made him feel human, whose life had been more precious than anyone's... the only person who mattered, Will Graham was...

Dead.

Will Graham lied over red and silky water, his wrists open, his existence ended. A corpse, lifeless. He wouldn't avoid anyone's gaze again, he wouldn't organize another bookshelf, fix another engine, feed any of his dogs. He wouldn't feel Hannibal's arms around him, Hannibal's caresses, kisses, tender words...

Hannibal had never mourned death, because it was because of it that life became beautiful, priceless. Will's suicide would be the one and only death he would mourn for the rest of his days.

He only remembered stepping out of the house with dry, red eyes, surrounded by Winston and the rest of Will's dogs, comforting him. But how could he comfort the poor animals?

"Doctor Lecter." Jack's emotionless tone said from the house, "We have found something."

Hannibal stood up, as he had been sitting on the porch with the dogs protecting him. He didn't speak, fearing he may burst into tears as soon as he opened his mouth.

They had taken him and, thankfully, his shock made him miss the horrifying scene: seeing Will’s body inside a plastic black bag would have driven him insane.

The FBI had re-heated the bathroom, and Hannibal soon noticed a pattern on the small bathroom mirror. The last time that Will saw his reflection, he left a message.

"I can see you.

I can see you before, after me.

But I'm yours...

And I am terrified."

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU. Thanks to all who have waited, who have put up with my slow pace, and who had kept reading this. A nig thank you to my friend Aysh, my super-last-minute beta :)
I know many of you don't like the ending, but this it how it had to end. What happens

with Hannibal? Hmm... I maybe, and I repeat, maybe, write what happens next but... This was the story of Hannibal and Will, no more. It finishes here.

Thank you really, I never expect so many kudos, so many hits. And... sorry for the feels ;)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!